

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers:
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

MRS. GANDER'S SUMMER SCHOOL.
Constance M. Lowe.
Old Mrs. Gander kept a school as perfect as could be.
And all the little goings came to this Academy.

They learned the famous goose's step.
Each morning at their drill,
And every copy that they wrote
Was written with a quill.

Young Bill was often in disgrace
And on his form was stood,
With duce's cap upon his head,
Because he wasn't good.

And once, when told he might get down,
He pulled some feathers out.
"This is," he said, "that I get down,"
And scattered it about.

The other goings cackled so
To see the fluffy down,
That Mrs. Gander shook her head
And scolded, with a frown.

But lesson time was done at last,
And soon the geese were seen,
All playing, as happy as could be,
Upon the village green.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Just now lots of boys and girls
Are "to go a greening," which means
To rove the fields and dig the dandelions
On warm and sunny slopes.

The dandelion is a medical plant
Like the lettuce and endive and used
To be grown in the herb-gardens of
old countries hundreds of years ago,
and it is because of its healing quality
that it was called taraxacum, but
no one can tell why it was called the
dandelion, any more than we can
tell why the little edible yellow primrose
is called the cowslip. These common
names were given the plants so
many hundred years ago that they
have lost their connection with their
whys.

How prettily the golden blossoms
star the green grass on these bleak
days and because of this a poet wrote
of them: "To look at thee unlocks a
warmer clime."

Perhaps you have not noticed how
dandelions suit themselves to conditions.
In the open lot they make robust
plants and hold their flowers on
long stems up to the sun; but on
lawns where they are cut and clipped
by the lawn mower they do not seem
to have any stem but just hug the
ground to escape the revolving knife.

No one knows how long ago it was
that the dandelion discovered that
its seeds must all have a flying ma-
chine, but it is quite likely the wind
was invited to carry the seeds to new
fields and drop them in soft mold be-
fore the birds knew how to fly.

You know the fluffy globe chil-
dren hold and blow to pieces that it
may tell them how old they be. The
seeds not ripe enough to let go are
counted and these tell one's age.

It is because of these fluffy globes
which are swept away by the wind
that these flowers are said to change
to vanishing ghosts.

And little girls take the long stems
of the dandelions, split them, and
twist them with their tongues when they
roll into curls, and they push them un-
der their hats and wear them in play.
The reason the stem curls is because
the inner sap tubes suck up the
moisture which causes the stem to
swell and lengthen on the inside,
which causes it to curl on the out-
side. It is the growing of one side
of a stem faster than the other which
causes all stems to twine and cling
to supports.

If you should see an endive plant,
you would know it was first cousin
to the dandelion; but you would never
mistake it was second cousin to the
lettuce unless some one told you; and
the lettuce is first cousin to the mil-
weed, the tender tops of which make
much green.

In this country the dandelion is
swept by the wind in the old countries it
is eaten as lettuce is, and is thought to
be much better eaten raw.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Ralph Wilcox, of Mooseup—Tom
Swift and His Great Searchlight.

2—Irene Vonasek, of West Willing-
ton—The Camp-Fire Girls Across the
Sea.

3—Milly Paley, of Colchester—The
Motor Boat Club of Long Island.

4—May Danahy, of Norwich—Tom
Swift and His Submarine Boat.

5—Clara Allen, of Versailles—The
Motor Boat Club in Florida.

6—Michael J. Burns, of Fitchville—
The Motor Boat Club of The Kenne-
bec.

7—Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford
Springs—Tom Swift and His Electric
Luncheon.

8—Rose A. Demuth, of Baltic—Three
Little Women's Book.

The winners of books living in the
city mail at The Bulletin business of-
fice for the week ending April 24, 1915.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Eileen O'Kellie, of Versailles—I re-
ceived the prize book you sent me
and thank you very much for it. I
was late in acknowledging it as I
was when the book arrived.

Miss Madath, of Bozrahville—I
thank you very much for the prize
book you sent me. I have read it
through and found it very interesting.

Hattie Perkins, of Colchester—I
thank you ever so much for the love-
ly prize book you sent me entitled,
"Tom Swift and His School Days," which

I have begun to read and like very
much.
Catherine Nelson, of Versailles—I
thank you very much for the prize
book you sent me, entitled, "Tom Swift
and His School Days." I have read it
and find it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

How We Earn Money.
My father said, "How will you and
brother Will earn money for the
bank?"

This is the way: Brother and I are
going to join the club, each having
one eighth of an acre, and plant corn,
potatoes, cabbage, or some other crop
that is useful. We must do all the
work it needs ourselves.

Some crops must be watered and
some we must hoe. Then when the
crop is to be taken home we will dig
it up and put it in bags and will
carry it home, and soon will be selling
it.

I have a hen sitting on fifteen eggs,
and I have to put her out every morn-
ing or night to get fresh air. I give
her clean water and corn every day
and not very much.

When the baby chickens are hatch-
ing I must get them from under the
hen in the morning or at night (be-
cause I have to go to school in the
day time). I must put them into a
high box so they won't get out and at
night cover them as much as they
can.

In two or three days, I must feed
them. I will give them eggs, wet
men, and wet bread, very soft.

The fourth day I must get the hen
and let them go out and at four
o'clock in the afternoon put them with
their mother in their little chicken
house.

When they are old enough to be
sold I will sell them to some butcher
and take the money every Friday to
put in the bank.

I have also two flower pots in
which I have a geranium and a hillo-
tropis. I water them every morning
before I go to school.

IRENE VONASEK, Age 11.
West Willington.

The Candy Pulling.
One afternoon Sadie, Charlie and
Hattie were going to have a candy-
pulling in Mrs. Campton's sunny kitchen.

Bridget put on the kettle, with some
nice molasses in it, and pretty soon it
was boiling and foaming and bubbling.

After a while Charlie dropped some
of the boiling sugar into a cup of cold
water. As it grew hard at once, the
candy was ready for pulling.

Now poor little Hattie didn't know
that to pull candy she should have
it cold water, to prevent sticking. So she
took a large lump of warm candy
and tried to pull it, but she was wretling
her hands.

Charlie and Sadie briskly "worked"
their candy, pulling it from one hand
to the other as it grew light and brittle.

Hattie's only stick harder and harder
to her hands, the poor little child
said down all the candy she could, and
made some excuse for running into
the garden. She did not want Charlie
and Sadie to laugh at her.

She hid behind the fence and began
licking the candy from her hands. All
at once Hattie heard a little giggle.
Through the crack in the fence she
saw a pair of bright eyes watching her.
The roguish Charlie had followed her
to find out what was the matter.

Hattie felt almost like crying when
she first saw those laughing eyes; but
she was so merry and fun-loving a
little girl herself for that!

When she saw that Charlie was really
very kind when they found what the
trouble was. They thought they
had have told Hattie about using
the candy.

So they all had a good laugh, and
Hattie's little mistake made all the
more fun for the happy children.

When the candy was all pulled, and
Hattie had several sticks of nice mol-
asses candy she had pulled herself.
Besides that she had learned a useful
thing, that she would like never forget.

ROSE ALMA DEMUTH, Age 13.
Baltic.

The Story of the Old Shoe Told.

Once an old shoe and a gingham
apron were in the store.

"Hello," said the apron to the shoe.
"How did you happen to come here?"

"I will tell you the story of my life
if you like," answered the shoe.
"I came here," answered the shoe, and
began this way:

"Once I was on the back of a cow
and was being milked. I was
dried and taken to the tannery. After
being there awhile the tanner sold me
to a shoe factory where I was made
into a shoe. Then I was put in the
window of a large shoe store where I
could see people passing by every day.
I shall never forget the day a lit-
tle girl came into the store with her
mother. She was a pretty child with
long golden curls, and while the sales-
woman showed me to them I kept wish-
ing that she would like me. I guess
she did, because I saw her mother
give the man some green papers and
then she shut me up in a box.

"When I was again in the light there
was the same little girl. She was going
to school and I had to go, too.
I wore out at last, as all shoes do,
and the mother threw me in an old box
and one day when the ragman came
along I was sold and here I am," fin-
ished the old shoe, and he sighed.

"Now," said the apron, "I guess
the gingham apron; but just then the
ragman, who was sorting out the
things, threw the apron away and I
was left alone. I was very lonely,
and the apron never had a chance to tell
the old shoe his story."

MARY BURRILL, Age 12.
Stafford Springs.

The Boyhood of Franklin.

Franklin's boyhood was full of hard
work. His education was very scanty,
but he was a very remarkable
kindness for books. He once said he
could remember when he did not know
how to read.

When he was placed at school in his
eleventh year, his tenth year he was
taken from school, to assist his father
who was a tallow chandler and soap
maker. He was very busy, and he
tasted business until his twelfth year,
when he was apprenticed to his brother
to learn the trade of a printer.

At the age of seventeen, as the result
of a quarrel with his brother, he ran
away from home.

Finally he found himself in Phila-
delphia with a dollar in his pocket. He
did not like the white men, and he
soon married a young girl in that city.

ALVIN FARGO, Age 12.
Yantic.

King Philip's War.

King Philip was the son of Massa-
soit. Massasoit was an Indian chief,
who lived at Mount Hope, in Rhode Island.
When Massasoit was chief, every-
thing went on well because he liked
the white men; but King Philip did
not like the white men, and he came
down from Massachusetts and took his
land from him. This was true.

So the Indians gathered together and
made ready for war. At certain times
one Sunday, however, as some white

people were coming from church shots
were fired out of the bushes.
This was the beginning of the great
Indian war. It lasted about a year
and a half.

At last Governor Church killed King
Philip. This ended the war.
ALICE MAY AYER, Age 11.
Norwich.

The Chipmunk's Escape.

Dear Uncle Jed: I was sitting in
the woods one autumn day when I
heard a small cry and a rustling among
the branches of a tree a few rods be-
yond me. Looking thither, amid the
branches of the tree, I saw a chip-
munk fall through the air, and came
on a limb twenty or more feet from
the ground. He appeared to have
dropped from near the top of the
tree.

He secured his hold upon the small
branch that had luckily intercepted his
fall, and sat perfectly still. In a mo-
ment he began to eat the nut which
he had secured. I saw him take a small
red variety—come down the trunk
of the tree and begin exploring the
branches on a level with the chip-
munk.

I saw in a moment what had hap-
pened. The weasel had driven the
chipmunk from his retreat in the rocks
and was now sitting on the limb, pre-
siding over him as he ate. The weasel
sat so close to the chipmunk that he
could not see him. The weasel had
traced the frightened chipmunk to
the limb where he sat upon the tree.

Round and round, up and down, he
went on the branches, exploring them
over and over. He seemed satisfied.
He turned his head and saw the chip-
munk. He seemed to be surprised.
He did not strike the spot. The branch
upon the extreme end of which the chip-
munk sat ran out and up from the
tree, seven or eight feet, and then
turned a sharp elbow.

The weasel would pursue each time
at this elbow and turn back. He was
satisfied as he knew that particular
branch held his prey, and yet its
crookedness each time threw him out.

He would not give it up, and went
over this course again and again.
In the course of five or six minutes
the weasel gave up the search, and
hurriedly down the tree to the ground.

The chipmunk remained motionless
for a long time; then he stirred a lit-
tle, and he looked up at the weasel.
He looked nervously at him; then
he recovered himself, so far as to
change his position. Presently he be-
gan to move cautiously along the
branch to the hole of the tree; then,
after a few minutes' delay he plucked
up courage to descend to the ground
where he hoped, no weasel has disturbed
him since.

MAY DANAHY.
Norwich.

Loss of the Royal George.

Many years ago an English fleet lay
at anchor in the roadstead at Spithead
near Portsmouth. The finest ship in
the fleet was the Royal George. She
was a three masted ship and carried a
hundred guns.

Just as everything was put on board
and ready to sail, the captain, a
lieutenant, discovered that the water-
pipes were out of order. In order to
repair them it was not thought neces-
sary to stop the ship, but the captain
only to heel her over till that part of
the hull where the pipes were placed
was brought above the water.

Heaving a ship like this is making her
lean over on one side.

A gang of men from the dockyard
were sent to help the ship's carpenters.
The workmen began to work on the
Royal George and made the needed
repairs. But just as they had done so
a lighter or a large open boat laden
with coals came along the shore. The
Royal George were nearly even with the
water when the lighter came near, but
the men on board saw the lighter and
coal the boat heeled over more and
more. The water began to rush in the
portholes.

The carpenter saw the danger and
ran and told the second lieutenant
that the ship ought to be righted at
once. But the lieutenant said:
"Mind your own business and I'll
mind mine."

The carpenter went a second time
and got the same answer.

At last the lieutenant began to see
that the carpenter had been right and
the danger was very great. He ordered
the men to their posts.

The men were scrambling down
through the hatchway to put the heavy
guns back in their places. It was too
late. The boat was sinking rapidly.
Before help or rescue could be sent
down went the Royal George, carrying
with her the admiral, officers, men and
numerous visitors who were on board.

The gallant ship was lost, with all
on board, because a young man was
too proud to take advice.

"FRANK PARDY, Age 12.
Norwich.

The Eskimos.

The Eskimos live in Greenland and
some in Alaska.

The Eskimos have coarse black hair
and they are not big.

The women dress the same as the
men do. It is very cold there, so their
clothing is made of fur. The Eskimos
live near the ocean because it is easier
to get food. They take their tents
with them when they do in search of
food. In winter, when the ground is
frozen and covered with snow the
Eskimos ride about on sleds drawn by
dogs. They kill seals and fish with
their spears. Some of the Eskimos
from the United States go there. The
Eskimos trade with some of the peo-
ple who come there.

The Eskimos keep their boats kayaks.
The boats and the sleds are made of
bones, because there is little wood
there.

The Eskimos keep warm because
they eat fat. They burn fat in their
lamps because it makes them warm
and because they haven't any kero-
sene.

They haven't any stoves, but eat
the things they catch without cook-
ing.

Some of the Eskimos are civilized
and the other Eskimos are learning
from the civilized Eskimos.

Lots of people from Denmark go
there to teach them. They teach
them how to build houses and how to
live comfortably.

At the end of every street a spark-
ling fountain played, while the people
looked on and enjoyed the view of
the deep blue sea. Rich people were
there, dressed in their
greatest dresses and attended by their
servants.

Very often tables were spread in
parks and loaded with fruit and flow-
ers.

Many of the houses were large and
costly. Everyone had a garden where
rich fruits and lovely trees and flow-
ers grew.

The walls of many of the houses
were adorned with pictures painted by
the artists of the day.

Very often masters of these fine
houses gave seats to their friends;
but while dining the guests did not sit
at tables, as is our custom. They sat
or lay down among soft, rich cushions
which covered the benches and floors.

And so these rich people went on
from day to day, feasting, dancing and
singing. They were very proud of
their homes.

But one day the sky grew suddenly
dark as if it was night. The air was
filled with dust and smoke, and a
great fire broke out in the city.

Then the frightened people fled to
the temples, and the king and his
nobles went to the temple of the
gods.

At last the king and his nobles
went to the temple of the gods, and
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that he would let them trade without
his interference.

Another thing that the people did at
that time was to form guilds. It was
thought a great honor to belong to a
guild.

A guild was a company of men of
the same trade. They always had a
leader who made their laws. For ex-
ample, if they were shoemakers, they
could not sell the shoes above a cer-
tain price and every shoe had to be
examined before sold.

If a man did not obey the laws of
the guild, he was not allowed to sell
the branches of a tree a few rods be-
yond me. Looking thither, amid the
branches of the tree, I saw a chip-
munk fall through the air, and came
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